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our ground; and standing on the commercial principle alone, we will be enabled to carry on the work we have begun—the creating a permanent and just literary taste in the minds of the people of Ireland.

One evident proof of the deficiency of literary energy in Ireland, is, that there is no type foundry in the country. Our printers have to send for their types either to England or Scotland: while, as a set-off to this, it is a fact, that though printing and type-founding were invented and carried to great perfection on the continent, yet Britain has outstripped the continent, either as to perfection of type-casting or beauty of printing. Though Glasgow be but a mere commercial city, yet the type foundry of the Wilsons, established there now nearly a century, was well known many years ago in Germany, as producing the most perfect specimens of type, especially Greek type, in the world. Edinburgh has also one or two type foundries, and several towns in England, as well as London, possess them. Now, if a very great and general demand for useful information were excited throughout Ireland, and a stir were given to literary enterprise, and printing called into active operation, we might see a type foundry established in Dublin, and native talent called into exercise, giving an impulse to the public mind, the beneficial results of which would only be rightly appreciated by another generation.

A great change has been manifesting itself of late, and which is rapidly progressing. There is more literary energy in Dublin at present than has been at any former period; and we trust the day is not far distant when the reproach of mental impotence will be wiped away, and the character of our countrymen be, that they are not merely acute, but informed, not merely imaginative, lively, witty, and droll, but intellectual, manly, tasteful, and refined.

F.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH—No. II.

A LEGEND OF BLARNEY.

“Why, thin, ye tell me you never heard tell o’ the famous Castle o’ Blarney, the town itself, or any o’ the fine sights about it,” says Paddy O’Callaghan, with a look of surprise, at the extreme ignorance of his companions, seated snug and saurtha, after dinner, before a fine fire in the servants’ hall of a wealthy squire, in the North of England, “never heard o’ the Castle o’ Blarney? Meilla a murther, wisha may be so; why, thin, I thought, sarten sure all the world hard o’ the place: the groves so charming—the sweet silent streams—the grottos—the rock close, an the witches’ stairs o’ Blarney, not forgetting the lake,

‘With boat on,
So calm to float on,’

A lookin down on the fishes as they sport along. Zure I’d be tired before I’d be half done, if I was to give a description av it; ye should go there yourselves, and take a day or two, to it, so you should, indeed—for, as I said, ther’s a world o’ fine things to be seen in Blarney. Well, I’m going to tell you a story about the castle or the manshin, that’s where the ould Macs used to live, long ago, an sure you don’t know who they were, small blame to you, but that’s no matter, ‘tis about the manshin, as I say, all the same as the castle, stuck up to it, as may be the wings o’ their house, (as you call ‘im) make part o’ the court itself. Well, you know the bearings o’ the case well as myself, now. Easy awhile, ‘till I tell ye:—There was a great man there last summer, from a near these parts, as I could hear from a sisters sun o’ mine, who came up here from Lunun, where he was at work, to see me, why, thin, he tould me ‘this gentleman come all the ways from Scotland to see Blarney; so you see he was curis to see it. Well, a great man he was, bee the powers, as Jim tould me, (that’s my sister’s sun), an a heel an a foot to boot. He wint to see the castle, an the town, an the lake, an all the fine sights; an sure enough, he was greatly divarted and wonderfully pleased wid all he seen, no doubt. An he wint to the top o’ the castle, an he seen where

‘Oliver Cromwell,
He did it pom well,
And made a great brache in the battlement.’

There he seen where Oliver hot the castle a fair clout ov a cannon ball, from a hill opposite, and the iron stray put there

to keep the stones together, for they got a great shake be razon o’ the ball not havin far to travel, you see. Why, thin, the identical stone the ball hit, that’s the Blarney stone, as they call it, that if any one kisses, he’ll be sure to have a sweet tongue all the dear days ov his life; that is, he’ll have plenty o’ the plain mauri’ on the top av it, as they say in Ireland. Well, he walked about on the top ov the castle for some time, with his stick in his hand; tak’n a fine view for himself av the country round, from it, for it’s murtherin high, you see; so as that the highest tree does not reach half way up the walls, no indeed. Why, thin, he wint down be the dark stairs, and faix it give him enough to do, that same, cause of their bein very narrow, and slippery for stones, and his havin a lame foot, and be’en an ungainly sort o’ man that way in himself. Nevertheless, he was mighty courageous an very eager to see every thing curiz, that was to be seen. He wint into the Earl Clancarthy’s room, an it’s no easy mather to get there, as you’d know if you knew the castle as well as myself. Well, he got into it some way or other, an he see it, an he axed a great many questshins about it, and he see the nails that held the velvet covering the walls, the ould people must be very grand, long ago, you’ll think, an to have velvet a paperin their walls. Why, thin, so they had, for you can see to this day the little bits o’ velvet a hanging to the nails, is indeed; sure his honour axed Jim to draw out one av um ‘till he’d look at it, so he did, an he admired greatly to see the bit o’ velvet a hanging to it. He was very curis in other respects, about the castle, an axed Jim a power o’ questshins; an faix answered the half ov um himself, he was so knowledgable a man about all concerning ould buildings, an the good times long ago. Well, he wint out o’ the castle, an down to see the caves in the prison, and have a view o’ the castle from the west side, for tis from that side it looks best; an, my dear life, all his company follin him: one here, an another there, admiring at every thing. But the ould gentleman himself kept close to Jim, puttin questshins to him about what he knew and hard o’ the place. Why, thin, they came into the rock-close, to see it, an ‘tis a very contrary sort o’ spot, that you’d go astray in, in a minute, between the ongainly trees, an the rocks, and the serpentine walks av it, so you would; an, sure enough, the company, one here, an another there, as their curiosity drove um, not mindin the guide, but folling their own inclinashions, soon got scattered about the place, an lost Jim an the poet, who havin seen every thing worth while, left the close, an walked on t’wards the castle agin. Why, thin, whin his honor got opposite the manshin, he stops, and he ses to Jim:—‘James,’ says he, as he was pleased to call him, for he was a mighty civil sort av a gentleman that way in himself, ‘James,’ says he to my sister’s sun, ‘I spose that’s a ruin many a day now?’ ‘Wisha, faix, thin it isn’t, nor long at all, at all, so it aint; for ‘twas the prisint man that threw it down, sir, for a dirty trifle o’ lucre, not worth the spakin about; bad manners to him.’ ‘Oh! dear,’ says the ould gentleman, clapping his hands, ‘what could ha’ bewitched him to do the like? O, my!’ ‘I d’know; af it were not for the lucre, it must be the spirit he seen in it, that made him do it.’ ‘A spirit,’ says his honor. ‘Is, indeed, sir,’ says Jim; ‘a ghost he met in the king o’ Sweeden’s room; there is the windey av it, right formentin you, (pointing it out to him), there it is, and the room idin it was a fine spashis one too. I was often in it; they called it the king o’ Sweeden’s room, afthur the king that dined in it an a time, sir.’ ‘The king o’ Sweeden,’ says his honor, ‘and did he dine in it, ayea?’ ‘Faix thin he did,’ ses Jim, ‘an he come all the way from Sweeden to dine at Blarney Castle, never a one av him but did,’ says Jim. ‘An do you give belief to that, James?’ ses he. ‘Surely,’ says Jim, ‘or how would it come to be called the King o’ Sweeden’s room?’ ‘Be gosh, that’s true,’ ses his honor. ‘True as you’r stannin there,’ ses Jim. ‘The king o’ Sweeden, my dear,’ ses he. ‘The king, and nobody else, make sure av it,’ ses my sister’s sun. ‘Wisha, faix, may be so,’ ses he. ‘Devil a doubt on it,’ ses Jim. ‘Ecod, then, he come a good way to see the groves o’ Blarney,’ ses he. ‘I spose he did,’ ses Jim, ‘but people come from furren parts to see the same. I can tell y’r honor. ‘Why, thin, will you point out where it was to me?’ ses he. ‘Jim did, and show’d him the diminshions.’ ‘By gosh, thin it must be a fine room; ar, I see,’ ses he, ‘an woty to dine a king in,’ ses he. ‘You may say that,’ ses Jim. ‘Many’s the fine ould anshint prince feasted in it, in the good times; is faix, good as ever the king o’ Sweeden was for the life av him, dined there, I’d make bould to tell you—an many’s the fine lady an gentleman ‘stirred the foot’ to the music of the harp, (for ‘twas

that insthrint we used long ago, y'r honor. But, no matter them times are gone—our glory is gone, an that av the manshin av Blarney Castle to boot! 'Well, well,' ses his honor, ses he, 'ther's no help for misforthin—no help for those things, James; they threw down a site ov ould castles an fine places in my country—dismantled and disordered um—bad luck to um; so, you see, 'tisnt you have a story to tell. 'But,' ses he, sitten down, an becknin to Jim to do the same be him, 'come,' ses he, 'an tell me something about the ghost that struck such fear into that 'GOTH' av a man, as I can't help callin ov him, that threw down that fine ould relic ov a place.' 'Tis well you call him or the likes ov him,' ses Jim. 'I s'pose that word 'gath,' have a very ondacent significashin in the Scotch tongue.' 'You may bible it,' says his honor, 'that any man in my country would be ashamed av his life to be called be it.' 'Why, then,' ses Jim, 'more luck to y'r honor, to bring it over to Ireland with you, for we wanted it badly—or worse for a friend o' mine, to call him by—that deserves the title well; but no mather, the shame ov his work will follow him, an maybe that's enough.' 'Quite enough,' ses the gentleman, ses he; 'and now for the story, James, fore the company come upon us.' 'Very well, y'r honor shall have it as I heard it from my aunt, Nance Callaghan, that was thoro-sarvant in the house, and knew a deal o' the goings on, no doubt to be able to gi' me a corric account; sure she hard the masther, himself, tell ev'ry word av it.

"Why, thin, 'twas on a Saturday night, av all nights in the year, and the masthur come from Cork, afthur selling some o' the timber there; for he was beginning the work o' distrucshin 'bout this time. 'Why, thin, he dismounted from his horse, an he very wet all over, beirason ov a great deal ov rain that fell durin the day; an in, my dear life, he walks to the King o' Sweeden's room, and sits down to the fire, blazin fine, to dry himself. Why, thin, he registred ov the sarvents to bring him his dinner—they did—and he dined there, and took a couple o' tumblers, or may be more, very hearty; an been fatigued, he lay down upon the chairs, (a custom of his), to take a sauvauneen after his meal. Well, he slept very sound and very long, and by gosh, they were loath to wake him; but they left his man, Tady Hogarty, up be the fire in the servants' hall, if he should call or want any thing—'cause, your honor, all the bells in the house rung in that part—an, falx, the other sarvants went to bed. Very well, the masther slept mighty sound 'till he woke, just 12 be the castle clock, and shakin himself, he laid hould o' the bell to give it a pull for Tady. 'Why, thin, he had his hand 'pon the bell-rope, when he heard a step on the stair, an look'n over agin him to the door, who should he see enter'n the room, for him, but a tall, fine, grand-lookin ould gentleman av a man, dressed in a shuit ov black clothes, ov the ould cut, with a pouthered wig on his head, and a goold headed cane in his fist. 'Whin he come into the room, which he did very robustic, as if 'twas his own, (an sure 'twas), he shut the door athur him as he found it, an giv'n a nod to the masthur, (look'n mighty bewildered over be the fire-place, with the bell-handle in his hand, still), he walked very consequented, straight a head, over to the windees formentin him, and look'd out for a while on the plain below him. Well, my dear life, when he sees, for he could not help seein, all the fine threes cut down, an sthrowed on the ground, he shook his head, and turnin round to the masther, (cock-a-northa, in the corner), the Earl, (for 'twas the Earl Clancarty himself), give him a bithur look that made his very heart's blood run could, an his body to trimble like one in the nige, for the bare fright. He thin pointed with his goold headed-stick to the plain; drawing his attenshin, sure, to the threes he destroyed there, all the while starin at him, an shaken his head. 'Why, thin, the ould man stood this way a spell; and at long last, he beg'n to move over to the fire place, with his stick over head, and his eyes roulin, an fierce enough to take the complexshin aff any man. Well, while you'd be saying 'be your leave,' he stood 'iden arms lenth o' the masther, ready to slain him, Lord save us! 'Och, the masthur give himself up for lost, an the passparashin a flow'n from him, like a well, whin he seen his condition; but, 'twas nothing 'till the Earl giv'n a mighty stamp on the floor, that made it shake agin, so as to floor the masthur, with the strength ov it—be the powers, down he came, dead as door nail: bell-rope, wires, an all, roulin topsy turvy under the chairs he was sleep'n on; table, decanters, mugs an jugs down a tap ov him—there he lay in a dead faint, snug and snurtha, under um all. Well, beyant that he could'n tell 'what become o' the Earl Clancarty, whether he remained athur the racket, or

walked aff whin he had his revinge ov him, or what, he could not tell; but, no matter, he got enough to remember all the dear days ov his life, tho' there wasn't a word betune un, only by signs. Well, there he lay on his hard bed, an all the racket over him, as I said; an he was warm enough, I'll be bound, be raisin av his be'n in a high fever from the thraitment he got. Very well, there he lay 'till mornin break, 'till one o' the sarvents, Judy Casey, be name, come into the room to clane it: and whin she found himself unther all the furniture, an in the state he was in, she got a great fright, no doubt, been a narvous frightful young woman, that way in herself; she gave a bithur scream, (whin she see him for dead as she thought), that brought all the other sarvants a runin up to the king's room, to see what 'twas all about.—Why, thin, they rubbed him all over wid whiskey, an got a drop, be a great deal to do, down his throat; an at long last he give signs av the life in him, an come to himself agin.—But he was very weak for a long time afthur, on account av the fright, and the cruel usage he got from the Earl Clancarty's ghost; an that day night he was removed to a neighbour's house, for he swore he'd never u'd give another night in the castle—an sure he didn't, for 'twas throw'n down be his orders soon afthur, so it was; an there's my story for you, an the raisin, they say, the manshin was destroyed, sir. But, indeed, I hear some people, knowledgeable people too, an those that come from the city to see the place, say, 'twas all in my eye 'bout the ghost, but that the masther give it out as excuse for what he done. 'Well, bless me, af I know wick story to give belief to; but I think 'twas a dirty, onna-thural thing to spile the pride o' Blarney, even af it was thro' the fear atself.' 'I concur in y'r apinion,' James, ses the gentleman, 'an I say it here an above board,' ses he, hittin his stick agin the ground, 'an I'm ashamed ov him, for the like,' ses he. 'Be this time the company were comin up to him.' 'I thank you for your story, an you'll accept o' this trifle for y'r civility, ("handin him a crown piece") an I'm indebted to you in the bargain, so I am.' 'Don't minshin a word about it, y'r honor,' ses Jim, 'I'd do more than that to sarve y'r honor, so I would; but the's one favour I'd be afthur axin y'r honor.' 'Why then, what's that?' ses he.—'Fex, just thin, just y'r name, av y'r honor, av you please; for I intinds, this very identical evening, af I'm a livin man to do it, to dhrink your honor's health, over yonder in the village, that I might'nt do an ill turn but I do.' 'Why, thin, 'tis a queer name they calls me by, Jim,' ses his honor, 'an I'll tell it to you.' 'Af y'r honor pleazes.' 'Why, thin, they call me the 'Great Unknown,' now,' 'Great Unknown; by gor, than it is an odd name, no doubt,' ses Jim. 'Isn't it, now,' ses his honor, 'Devil a doubt av it,' ses Jim; 'Great Unknown, mauriagh. I'd rake bould to ask what country y'r honor come from.' 'I'll tell you that, too, Jim,' ses he; from Scotland, thin, all the ways. 'Is, so I thought,' ses Jim, 'I s'pose your family ar a strong facshin over there; but I never hard o' one o' your name before now; no-mather, y'ere dacent people, I make no doubt; in your own country; an more luck to you an yours, every day ye rises, I say; an God speed you on y'r road, y'r honor, an I'm obleeged to you.' 'By this time, his honor was in the carriage, an all the company wid him; an never a one of him but kissed hands to my sither's son, at his goin; an aff they wint, himself an his company, very well pleased with all they see, and the attenshin Jim ped um. So there's what I had to tell you, genteels, about Blarney, (that you never hard of before); an how do you like my story, now?' says Paddy, addressing his company, when he had finished. 'They all, indeed, I am happy to inform the reader, expressed themselves much pleased with it; and one from among them, the butler, a chiel from the land o' Cakes, proposed the health of Mr. Patrick O'Callaghan, which was received with great applause; and Paddy returned thanks, in neat words, on the occasion. I was near forgettin, though, to inform the reader, that the butler, in proposing the health of Mr. O'Callaghan, intimated to the company, that he knew who Mr. Great Unknown was, very well, (the person alluded to in the tale), and begged leave to thank our friend, for the kind manner in which he had spoken of his countryman.

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